

## Past Reflections

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Category: Labyrinth

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-08 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-08 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:45:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 497

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Sarah after her high school graduation. (Contains violence.)

## Past Reflections

The party was over. The cleanup crew had come and gone. No one was left. The gymnasium seemed so

>empty...save for one lost, lonely soul. A girl of average height, with long brown hair, slowly   
threaded her way across the room, past the locker room doors, past the basketball hoop, coming

>finally to a stop before the bleachers. There she stood for a very long time, just staring   
into space. It was obvious that she wasn't seeing the room she was in, with faded, chipping paint, cracked ceiling, and rough, stained wooden floor.   
>The girl was dressed simply, wearing only a pale pink dress and matching shoes. The dress had   
no ornamentation; it needed none. Her beauty was all that was required to accessorize her outfit.

>Full, pale lips, a rosy complexion, and warm, chocolate eyes...   
<br>

>Eyes that leaked tears of pain, tears of humiliation, down onto the front of her dress. She bowed  
her head, closed her eyes, and let herself feel every laugh, every snide comment, every little

>snigger aimed at her back. She remembered well how much she had been tormented these last few   
years. She had never really fit in, never really belonged to any one 'group.' And now she  
>didn't care anymore. She had given up on the one thing that sustained her through all of the   
tortuous years of high school - hope. Hope that once it was all over, all done with...That once

>she had that diploma in her hand, it wouldn't matter any more... All that hope was gone.   
<br>

>Her eyes closed once more, and her head drooped down onto her chest. She could see it vividly   
<br>in her mind. The entire scene playing

over and over again... The principal about to hand her the  
>ticket to freedom...One of her many bullies reaching up to take it  
from her... Her own hand <br>stopping in midair, as she was unable to  
believe that still - \*still\* - they would not let her  
>be. Continuous torture...neverending shame... <br>.

>. <br>.

>BANG! <br>

>In one second...it was over. She stood, victorious and triumphant at  
last. \*She\* had won. \*She\* <br>had the last laugh. \*She\* had the  
final say...

><br>And in a rush, the girl standing in the gym came back to  
herself. She opened her eyes, and looked

>around. It was still empty, still devoid of all life. Drawing a deep  
breath, she walked away, <br>toward the twin doors, with the blinking  
EXIT light flashing over them.

><br>As she placed her hands on the bar, Sarah Williams turned back  
for one more look at the scene of

>the crime. She allowed herself to smirk. Fools. As much as they  
tried, no one had been able to <br>connect her to the tragedy that  
occurred here two months ago. No one knew that \*she\* had the last

>laugh... <br>

>The smirk broke into a full smile, as she recalled the looks on her  
tormentor's faces, just <br>before the bomb went off underneath them.

> <p><p>

End  
file.